

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCE AND EASTERN CHRONICLE.

"WERE ONCE THESE MAXIMS FIX'D.—THAT GOD'S OUR FRIEND, VIRTUE OUR GOOD, AND HAPPINESS OUR END, HOW SOON MUST REASON O'ER THE WORLD PREVAIL, AND ERROR, FRAUD AND SUPERSTITION FAIL."

VOL. XI.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY SHIELDS & DICKMAN,
PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM A. DREW.—Editor.

ORIGINAL SERMON.

A SERMON,

DELIVERED AT WALD-BOROUGH ON THANKSGIVING DAY, DEC. 1, 1831.

By N. CLEAVELAND FLETCHER.

TEXT.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise.—Psalms c. 4.

David in his innumerable Psalms, manifests a heart deeply embalmed with a spirit of fervent devotion. Truths are there exemplified, which mere philosophy could never investigate; they convey consolation to the way-worn traveller of life—they elevate the mind far above the scenes of this transient life, and like the manna anciently, which descended in mighty dew, nourishes and supports the pilgrim in his journey to a strange land.

They are unlike the flashes of wit and genius which make but a slight impression, and then vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision, but are like the counsels of wisdom, the sage instructions of experience, which stamp their lessons indelibly upon the heart, and which become more beautiful and valuable as they become familiar.

From the writings of this author, we discover that an exalted station,—a seat high on the pinnacle of fame, confers no exemption from the trials and cares of life. It substantiates the important fact that, although a man may be seated on a throne, and decorated with all the shining apparel of this lower world,—swaying his sceptre over a great and powerful nation,—and thousands ready to do him homage at every step, yet peace and contentment resides not, but in some retired spot, where the disquietudes of state and the contending elements of empire cannot reach.

It is there devotion in her spiritual mindlessness reigns, dispensing to her adherents—censure of spirit,—benignity of mind, and elevation of soul; she directs the thoughts to the fountain of all mercy from whence flows the waters of salvation, which is a panacea for the corrodingills of life,—which shields us from the arrows of despair, cheers desolation, calms the tumults of the soul, and heals the wounds of a faltering heart.

The unbound and unceasing goodness of God lays us under the strongest obligation to love and reverence, and not only to express our acknowledgments to him in our closets, but also to "enter his gates with thanksgiving and his courts with praise," after the exemplary manner of our ancestors, to acknowledge the many blessings which have been bestowed—and continued unto us, during the changing seasons of the year, and to render praise and thanksgiving to that Being from whom cometh every good, and every perfect gift.

We have in the presumption to think, that we can add aiv thing to the essential glory of God, or that our petitions now, or at any other time, can change the mind of Eternity; but it is a duty binding on us to express the gratitude of our hearts in a prayerful, humble manner, and to plead for a continuance of these favors.

In order that good may result from assembling within these walls at this time, I propose at briefly to consider the command of our text and contrast the unavoidable decisions which may be drawn from these promises with the doctrines taught by a majority of our religious teachers.

We are commanded to "enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise," and it is manifest by this injunction, that our heavenly Father "is good to all and that his tender mercies are over all his works,"—that he is slow to anger and of great kindness, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin; that he will not contend forever or punish eternally his disobedient children for acting agreeably to the disposition with which they were brought into existence; but in all his short counsels and wild departures from his will and commands, he still views us with the affectionate eye of a parent, and will ever prove and unswerving friend, uninfluenced by the sires and fears of enthusiasts and bigots; and we can ever rely upon him with the sustaining belief, that he does not afflict us willingly, but that the trials and cares of this life, are but the punishments due our crimes, and are for our advantage, because they will wean us from this world and its forbidden pleasures, and fit us for a better and a holier life.

If it were not thus,—we could not conscientiously "enter his gates with thanksgiving," and praise a Being with any degree of assurance, unless we are convinced of the impartiality of his love towards us; nor can any one by scriptural proof or logical demonstrations, prove it to be a duty incumbent on us to worship a Being, who intends to punish us with vindictive cruelty through the wasteless ages of eternity.

The first pulse that warmed the human heart originated and prompted devotional worship to Almighty God, to thank him for his goodness and unfailing mercy,—and the language of inspiration is "Enter his gates with thanksgiving and his courts with praise."

But my brethren, do the religious doctrines of our opposers contain sentiments calculated to enable us to obey the injunctions of our text? Has the ground work of their system been the love of God, or Jesus Christ and him crucified? Does the doctrine which is advocated in yonder dome, whose spire towers high towards heaven, contain sentiments, which would inspire you to "enter those gates with thanksgiving" and tune your hearts to the praises of your God? I boldly respond, no,—fearless of contradiction.

You know by experience that their creed is a heterogeneous mass:—their priest stands erect in the sacred desk issuing his fierce decrees, and inundating every thing that is lovely in the gospel upon the altar of fanaticism and cruelty.

Is that doctrine which veils the mercy and kindness of God, with the habiliments of malice and vengeance, any thing but the fantastic visions of the heathen? No! it is mere fancy that beholds the abodes of unutterable anguish, of infinite horror,—it is the ear of the superstitiously zealous, who hears the victim of despair addressing the Almighty with the inquiry,—how long he is to remain in that miserable abode?

and it must be the piercing eye of an Argus who beholds written on the walls of his prison with the bituminous fire of hell ever! ever! ever!!

It must be convincing to every unprejudiced mind, that if our praises and thanksgivings, must ascend on the sulphurous flames of tartarus, our affections for God, may "play round the head, but they come not near the heart." If the Creator has brought us into existence, either knowing or intending to make us endlessly unhappy, and the blessings which we receive here, are to enhance our wretchedness hereafter, we could not "enter his gates with thanksgiving if we would, and we ought not if we could," for where there is no favor there can be no obligation.

If we are to obey the injunction of our text there must be some reason for our so doing, which will bring us, 2dly. To show that the reasons are displayed to us in characters of living light.

As individuals we are continually cheered by the propitious smiles of indulgent Heaven. For us the earth annually yields her increase, and the cattle grazing upon a thousand hills, are for our convenience and nourishment. For us the sun darts its effulgence, and the moon spreads her mantle o'er the dark and silent earth. For us the ocean swells in majestic grandeur, bearing on its bosom the stately bark, laden with the luxuries of other shores, and every breeze wafts to our shores the wealth of both the Indias; every thing which is pleasing to the eye, delicate to the taste, and gratifying to the senses, are bountifully poured forth for our subsistence and happiness.

Our intellectual faculties are feasted with the bread and waters of salvation, presented by the pen of inspiration,—it is indelibly stamped upon those sacred pages as well as in the stately volume of nature that "The Lord is good, (infinitely so) that his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations."

As a nation, we are highly favored of God, and his goodness may be distinctly traced from the landing of our ancestors, to the present moment: we still retain our political and religious liberties notwithstanding this eventful period of civil commotions, and the evil machinations of the enemies of free inquiry in matters of religion.

While other nations are struggling for that, which we already enjoy, and enriching the soil upon which they tread with their heart's blood, we are peacefully enjoying the blessings of a government which is the envy and admiration of the world—While the inhabitants of other empires are oppressed and bowed down by the iron grasp of tyranny, and every copper taken from the indigent to support the prodigality of profligate kings and princes; here the poor, as well as the rich, enjoy their civil rights un molested. While in other countries the combination of wealth and power are directed to keep the "many subject to the few," here, if any one in office, however high he may be, abuse the confidence and trust reposed in him, the people speak and he has the liberty to retire into private life to give place to a successor who may be deemed more worthy. Not so in other nations—there the voice of the tyrant is law,—and the privilege of the people is entire and immediate submission to his will.

While in other countries the husbandman is obliged to pay the King a certain portion of the production of his farm;

here is no crowned head or purple robed prince, to say to the tiller of the ground "give me the portion that faileth to me."

For the perpetuation of our political, and particularly our religious liberty, we are greatly indebted to our free schools, and our wise and salutary laws: we are free to worship God in the manner we think proper; the mind is here untrammelled; it is not darkened and shrouded by bigotry and superstition, (unless by the choice of its possessor) but it is left free, and unfeathered, and on the pinions of its own elasticity, it wings its way to the throne of the one indivisible, merciful and impartial God.

The benefits of our highest seminaries of learning, are within the reach of every individual; the poor as well as the rich can ascend the hill of science, and having gained its summit, stand as high in the scale of intellectual glory, and dis-

pense the rays of genius with equal degree of splendor. But our Colleges and Seminaries of learning are not so free from persecution and sectarianism as they should be. Students in many instances have been obliged to bow down, and worship the image which their instructors have set up; or to submit in silence to the railing insult, and the frowns and rebukes of a surplice bigot.

The president of a certain Institution, (if reports speak true) in a late Baccalaureate Address informed the pupils of his care, that the honor of that institution would hereafter be conferred (not on account of their literary qualifications but) on account of their religious principles—or an entire devotion to the tenets of theology which said President himself professes to believe.

A singular method to adopt, indeed. If a student before he receives his diploma, must acknowledge his sincere belief in the absurd and contradictory creed of John Calvin, it is high time the public were informed of it; and if the exercises of any institution are to be suspended during every protracted meeting "which may be held in the vicinity of said institution, I am of opinion that such officers will have to retire to a private station and in the shades of seclusion spend the remainder of their days in sackcloth and ashes. But we have but very little to fear from this source,—the spirit of reform is on the march—the eye of the public is fastened upon these sectarian movements—the people will rise in their strength, and say to those who commit these anti-christian, and anti-republican deeds, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther?" 3dly. *The dangers to which we are most exposed as a nation.*

Nations like men are mortal; there is a period of infancy, another of youth, another of old age, and it may be of premature old age; the ruins of other nations that have long since crumbled to dust, speak to us in an audible voice "Be on your guard," and sound the tocsin of alarm at the least approach of danger; and there is perhaps no source from whence more real danger is to be apprehended at this time, than from a certain "church and state party" who reside within the enclosures of our political Eden. We have among us a "haughty—rich—unforgiving—unrelenting and powerful priesthood," whose ardent and unceasing desire is the establishment of a "national religion; I would not be considered uncharitable, but the movements and confessions which have been made by some of their own sect is evidence strong as "holy writ" that the "self-styled orthodox" of this country, wish to control the civil power. If therefore becomes us to beware of wolves in sheep's clothing; if they are innocent of this charge, it is no harm to watch them, and if guilty, we may perhaps fasten the chains on them, which they are forging for us.

The priest with his sacerdotal robes around him, often raises the cry of persecution, while he is preparing fetters for those who are lulled into repose by his venerable and sanctifying appearance. He is entrenched behind the ramparts of the sacred office, and it is held in such veneration by the multitude, that although they should hear the clanking of chains intended for their own necks, they would not use any exertions to drive "the monster from his lurking place."

This class of whom we are speaking pretend to have a great regard for the souls of their fellow creatures,—to possess a high veneration for religion, and they use every endeavor to entwine themselves around the hearts of the people. But if all their wily efforts does not produce the effect they so much desire, the soft languishing tone of love is changed for the harsh and vehement tone of anger—all the thunders of Sinai—with all the lightnings of God's wrath, are profusely poured forth, the unutterable abodes of anguish and despair are presented to the mind in all the colors which their fertile imaginations can paint; hell, itself, appears open before them, and sheets of liquid fire roll beneath; while flames on flames ascend, and wrap creation with their sparkling robes. The nations of the dead are summoned to the bar of Almighty God; the recording Angel presents the book of accounts; the speaker opens it with trembling hands; assumes the prerogative of judging his fellow creatures, and with the voice of a stentor delivers his verdict "Depart ye cursed," and ye demons drag them down to eternal despair.

They will declare their own love for "poor sinners" and the hatred of God, and some of the poor wretches seeing in imagination the "bottomless pit" uncapped, and hearing the shrieks—the tortures—the agonies of "the damned" plunge themselves and their liberties into the voracious jaws of the minister who stands ready to devour them."

Trust not, I beseech you, (my brethren) your liberties in the hands of those who tell you their love towards you, and their regard for your welfare, exceed the love and kindness of your heavenly Father.—The real object of those who wish to unite ecclesiastical and civil power is, their own aggrandizement and your degradation, and for the proof of which, take a view of those nations where ecclesiastical and civil power have been united,—their deeds have been stained with blood, "and licens-

es to trespass on the laws of God and man have been bought and sold through a proud and corrupt priesthood."

Visit in imagination their inquisitions, and behold these priestly fiends, stretching their unfortunate victim upon the rack, and for his consolation they will tell him he will suffer hereafter infinitely greater torture under the scalding drops of the wrath of God. These are some of the evils which as a nation we have great reason to guard against with a watchful eye, because a disposition to practice them on us has already been manifested. But I trust that the rays of civil and religious liberty which we have already experienced is a sufficient barrier against the evil designs of an arrogant priesthood; that here, under our benign, free and rational government, where the glorious gospel of impartial grace has taken its seat, and with it is extended liberty of conscience, where no inquisition is yet established, and the stake of the martyr not planted, we can feelingly and conscientiously on this occasion obey the injunction of our text, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."

It is a delightful duty to those who have become convinced of the impartiality of Jehovah's love to all his offspring, to mingle their praises and thanksgivings publicly, for supplying all their reasonable wants both temporal and spiritual. But it is doubly so under certain circumstances, and particularly when we realize that the divine goodness and protection, are immediately over us. Such, my brethren, I esteem the present circumstances of this society. For the first time, on an occasion like the present, you have now assembled "as a band of brethren" to offer up your praises and thanksgivings to a God of unbounded benevolence and of unending mercy, and like the christians anciently, you have "renounced the hidden things of dishonesty and by manifestation of the truth, you now commend yourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." The new and pleasing association you have formed, has, and we pray God may still be crowned with success. The Lord has safely delivered you from the galling yoke of your enemies, and laid their evil—unhallowed, and unchristian designs prostrate before you—Their Babel tottered, and you can adopt the language of scripture and cry in reference to them, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods are broken to the ground." For the many temporal blessings which have been bestowed on you, and as citizens of a great and prosperous nation you have much for which to be grateful; but as a religious society you have still more. You are now permitted to set under your own vine, and fig-tree, and enjoy the blessings of that liberty wherewith Christ maketh free, while thousands around you, are yet tangled in the galling yoke of spiritual bondage; even many of your neighbours are groaning under the galling chains of mental bondage, forged by their own stupidity—they are harnessed blindfolded to a car laden with fire and brimstone, and would fain discharge its contents on all, who are not so blind and foolish as themselves. Take a retrospective view of past ages through the blood crimsoned pages of ecclesiastical history, to the time when clerical abomination reigned triumphant,—then was the stake planted, and the curling flames were kindled around ten thousand martyrs to truth, and then the innocent Servetus suffered a lingering death by a slow fire to feast the cruelty of John Calvin.

View at the present day in the old countries thousands of unhappy beings whose consciences are smarting under the lash of clerical power, and writhing in agony under religious persecution, while the haughty—tyrannical and iron hearted priesthood looks down with composure on their miseries. Turn for a moment and look at our own country,—here an aspiring clergy are tugging and toiling with their last dying struggle, to triumph upon the sacred liberties for which our ancestors fought and bled; but as long as our constitution remains as it now is there is the tomb of their unhallowed hopes; and we look forward with confidence that the time will arrive when civil and religious tyranny shall entirely cease; when the soft hand of the Redeemer shall burst the fetters of off every mind, and welcome us with a ransomed universe to the abodes of everlasting happiness.

Let us endeavour to imitate the Saviour by dispensing happiness as far as our limited capacities will allow it; may it be our delight to mantle the cheek of the sorrowful and distressed, with the smile of gratitude; may the happiness of our fellow creatures ascend to Heaven on our petitions, and the purity of our lives be such, as to convince the world that we pray in faith: may the benevolent hand of charity be ever open to the needy; may our country long—long continue to be free—may the temples dedicated to the living God remain ever unpolluted, and may everlasting gratitude possess our hearts for the revelation of that invaluable truth in the Gospel of Christ, that when we shall cease to enter his earthly courts we shall be permitted into the celestial courts above where one eternal thanksgiving-day shall crown our joy, and our tongues be ever employed

in chanting praises to "Him who sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb forever and ever."

[For the Christian Intelligencer.]

FAMILIAR LETTERS—NO. 1.

The time has at length arrived, and the years of my minority ceases; before the rising of another day's sun, your friend will be on his passage to another clime. A determination to visit some intimate friends far distant—a natural thirst for a knowledge of other countries, and other portions of our own country by personal inspection, and a fondness for new things, has urged me to the conclusion to abandon my native village for a short period, to study men, manners, and things under a milder sky. But in whatever country or climate I may wander, I shall ever fondly cherish the remembrance of your friendship; every opportunity which may offer, I shall write you, and in my usual style, scribble down ideas indiscriminately, just as they happen to flow. One sentence directly from the heart, written in the very language we usually make use of in thinking, is worth more between intimate friends, than all the studied formality of the literary world. What is a written composition but thoughts put upon paper. Why not then use the very words by which we think? People generally think pretty correctly, the difficulty lies in the form of expression: the ideas are broken, and spoiled, before they come to the eye of the public.

Thoughts are dressed up, and ruffled, until they are so completely hidden in borrowed habiliments, that it requires more than ordinary vision to discover their original features.

It was the simplicity of style, which gave peculiar charms to the poems of *Virgil*, *Burns*, *Moore*, etc. Nature having with a bountiful hand, bestowed upon these authors a large stock of wit, and common sense, they were enabled, merely by putting their thoughts upon paper spontaneously as they flowed, (seemingly without any exertion, and certainly without any of the modern decorations of style) to command the admiration of the civilized world.

Burns possessed this faculty in an eminent degree. The mere sensibility of his heart, and the vivacity of his wit, gave a rich coloring to whatever reasoning he was pleased to advance, and his language, emanating from the heart, he could not fail of commanding the admiration of every lover of nature. He wrote what he himself had beheld with interested attention, what he had himself witnessed with emotions of pleasure, or pain. A line, or quite all the sentiments and images diffused throughout his poems, are fresh from the *repository of nature*. Virgil, although an excellent classic, is not entitled to much praise as an originalist. By assiduously imitating Homer, he sought to wreath his own brow with the laurels of that great author. Had he trusted entirely to his own native strength, he might have shone with much more distinguished lustre. Indeed but very few authors (whose writings I have had an opportunity of perusing) are entitled to the credit of strict *originality*. But enough of this;—you must not expect from me an equal degree of entertainment for that which your letters heretofore have afforded me. I am naturally dull and stupid, even to excess—you directly the reverse.

I find myself at times completely employed in contemplating the mysteries of a spider's web, or perhaps something of still less consequence; and while others sleep, I read or think in silence. I seem to be a complete blank, sent into this world as a spectator to behold the works of others. When I read my favorite authors, I am sometimes fired with an insatiable thirst of being able to express myself on paper with a degree of ease. I even sometimes imagine, that I can collect my thoughts and confine them to one subject long enough, to produce a volume of good matter; but alas!! as soon as I make the experiment, I find my ideas scattered, and my mind roving like the idiots, "to the ends of the earth." These habits, and this dissipation of mind, which now inspire my quill, grow upon me so rapidly, that I seriously tremble for the consequences. Without one solitary ray of genius, I am a complete dope to those who possess it. Captivated by the sallies of wit with which I often meet in others, I stand and gaze in silent admiration, whilst perhaps, I am made the butt of their ridicule. This is not a momentary flight of fancy; I feel what I write, and am confident, that without great caution, this disposition will hurry me from the paths of virtue into the mazy labyrinth of vice. If such should ever be the case with your friend, (which may God grant it may not,) I shall still hope to find a sincere friend in you. You can often cheer this solitary ray of genius, I am a complete dope to those who possess it. Captivated by the sallies of wit with which I often meet in others, I stand and gaze in silent admiration, whilst perhaps, I am made the butt of their ridicule. This is not a momentary flight of fancy; I feel what I write, and am confident, that without great caution,

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I almost envy your situation; indeed, when I contrast my circumstances with yours, I really feel discontented with my lot. While I am harassed and perplexed on account of my uneasy disposition, you sit quietly down, surrounded by early friends, and enjoy all the luxuries of domestic scenes. Time admonishes me to draw this epistle

to a close, and to bid you an affectionate adieu. Believe me, that whether sporting on the flowery banks of some majestic river; or scaling craggy mountains; whether rolling on the ocean, or traversing some beautiful country; in whatever clime, in whatever circumstances, my mind shall often return to thee, and in its devotional moments, send up a fervent prayer for your prosperity. The sentiment of my heart will not be blasted by a few years absence; it is founded on a sense of worth in its object, and must remain unaltered, so long as life shall continue to vibrate this heart which now dictates these lines.

Write to me as often as you know where to direct you letters; you will not expect perfect order in mine—neither shall I look for it in yours. I will speak to you on paper when my heart is full, and you will answer me from the goodness of yours.

Adieu, FLETCHER.

THE INTELLIGENCER.

—And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Press.—

GARDNER, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Though the present division of time into months and years is more artificial than natural, it is fitting that at this season we should pause and reflect upon the passage of time, and endeavor to draw from the past profitable instructions for the future. Another year—that large portion of human life—is now near its close. There are but few such bounds to pass,—even to the farthest traveler—upon the high way of life; we have now arrived at another. Before venturing upon the race for the next, which we may never reach, let us take a retrospective view of the past; and as we recall to mind its weal or woe, let us ask ourselves if we have faithfully fulfilled the duties on our course? Perhaps we have been called, in the providence of God, to part with friends who made joyous the greetings of the beginning of the year; have we profited by such trials? Has affliction been sanctified to our moral and spiritual good? Have we consulted the oracles of God and obtained from them a faith that administers consolation amidst the severest trials of earth? Or we have met with disappointments and misfortunes. Have these successfully taught us the vanity of earthly dependance, and disposed us to rely more sacredly upon Him "in whose hands our times are"? Or a good fortune has smiled upon our way. Have we remembered the author of all our good? Have we realized our indebtedness to him for every thing we have enjoyed? If we have not, it is time we began to cultivate such sentiments. It is time we become more devoted to the will of the giver of all good.

In general the past year has been one of unusual benefits. As citizens of the republic, we have reason to rejoice that amidst all the agitations of Europe, our own nation has enjoyed the inestimable blessing of peace. As members of society, we have heeded many important improvements in the arts and sciences, and have realized largely of internal quiet, general health and prosperity. As friends of truth, we have great reason to rejoice before God in the advancement of the cause of truth; for though visited by religious pestilence and desolation, these seem to have been overruled, like most other evils, for good, and the consequence is, we trust, that after the storm the air will be clearer and more healthy. Let us praise and obey God in view of all his mercies.

How many of, and who, may be permitted to stand upon the verge of another year, and witness its last abiding scene, is known only to him who "has set bounds to our habitations." It becomes us, however, to consider that our lives are spent in vain, if they are not usefully spent; and that there can be little happiness which is not found in the way of virtue. Henceforth let us live realizing the uncertainty of life and earthly good and preparing our minds for a higher and a purer world where time and years are no longer numbered.

A COUNT OF THE TRACT.

A friend in Freeport has sent us a tract of four octavo pages, which the orthodox are now circulating in this State as a Universalist or Unitarian production. As we find the name of our paper mentioned in it in such a way as is intended to give currency to the article amongst liberal Christians, we deem it our duty to warn the public against the vile imposition which is thus wickedly intended to be practiced upon it. The copy which is in our possession is one of a budget clandestinely lodged at Eliot's Hotel in Freeport by two orthodox ministers, who, thinking that they were not known, presumed to pass them off as Universalist tracts. The Rev. deceivers were travelling east at the time. We caution the public against these impostors. Men who would descend to such miserable tricks, would rob a hen roost or steal any thing they could lay their hands upon. We have the name of one of the impostors in our possession. It is not necessary that we should occupy two columns of our paper for the sake of presenting the cheat to our readers. The article originates with some orthodox person—whether it is Dr. Allen, or some other orthodox minister, we do not know—who is enraged with what we have said and with what the Legislature and Boards of Bowdoin College have done in relation to that institution. It professes to be addressed to Liberal Christians, suggesting plans whereby they and the Legislature may accomplish the purpose of excluding "religion" from that College and all other Seminaries. Any person, with half an eye, will be able to detect the dishonesty and fraud of the *fiend* writer. He is evidently "mad as a March hare" with us and the Legislature of last winter. Nay, he insults the next Legislature with impunity, intimating that the party opposed to "religion" is even stronger in it this year than it was last. Substituting the word "orthodox sectarianism," for "religion," we predict he will find his remark too true to suit his own relish. He calls upon the Legislature "which is soon to meet," to reorganize the Boards of Bowdoin College, with a view to prevent the election of orthodox officers hereafter. We guess he will find this call responded to, in a manner more practical and serious than that in which he has made it.

We are very willing the members of the Legislature should see this tract, which thus publicly insults and abases them in advance. The copy in our possession we shall preserve till they assemble, when we shall take some pains to give them a sight of it. The authors of such imposition deserve severe chastisement. They have disengaged the Legislature as being opposed

to all religion," because it is unwilling to see its part, or to devote to the upholding of a single sect—and the most aristocratic and intolerant one in the land and we hope they may be made to feel in return a legislative lash.

EDUCATION REPORT.

"The Kennebec County Education Society," so called, by a Committee, has published a Circular, recommending certain books for use in primary schools. The name of the Society and of the Committee, so far as they are known to us, is certainly respectable; but we feel impelled to say that its selection of books does not in any way meet our approbation. We think an orthodox intention is visible enough in the recommendation. We allude, of course, to the reading book. Pierpont's are now in extensive use, and which certainly possess high merits, the Committee would have laid aside to make room for a Spelling book, a Primary class book, and a National class book prepared by a Mr. T. J. Lee, of Winthrop. We think it how what has been a chief value in these books to induce the Committee to recommend them to the public. They are prepared by an ultra-orthodox man, and have a sufficient seasoning in them to meet the view of the sect to which he belongs. We deem it of the highest importance that no books having any thing sectarian in them should be introduced into our public schools. Pierpont's are not liable to this objection.

We have made these remarks frankly. We believe it to be our duty to put the public on its guard against every attempt at foisting orthodoxy into our Schools. The Chairman of the Committee is a very respectable scholar; he may have been the member who preferred Pierpont's. But let the recommendation go for what it is worth—and no more.

The two Sermons in the December No. of the Christian Preacher, are deserving of an extensive personal and a careful perusal. They may not suit the tastes of certain extravagant appetites which crave only the marvelous and the fantastic in religion; but all men of rational views and candid minds will receive them with high approbation. The first is by Rev. S. Brimblecom of Westbrook on the question "What is Religion?" and the other by a highly respectable citizen, a graduate of Cambridge College some fifty years ago, and formerly a settled minister of the Go-pel, on "True and False Conversions."

We have received an excellent Sermon for the January No. from Rev. H. B. BALLOU of Boston. It is all ready partly in type.

THE AMERICAN ALMANACK for 1832. This work has been highly spoken of by several cotemporary secular journalists, and doubtless, for much of the statistical matter which it contains, is a valuable annual. Our business with it now, however, is one account of its ecclesiastical Statistics; and here we find serious errors, and great injustice done to one large and growing denomination of Christians. We allude to the Universalists. If Mr. Paine designed to give an "Ecclesiastical Register" at all, as he has done in reference to every State, it behoved him to present it with something like a *correct* account of the relative standing of each denomination. This, we aver, he has not done, so far at least as the Universalists are concerned. The means of information relative to this sect were certainly accessible to him; his errors therefore must be attributed to intentional wrong or to a culpable remissness.

In looking over the statements he has given of the religious sects in the twenty seven States and Territories, no mention is made of Universalists existing in nineteen of that number. According to the American Almanack, these people are found in only eight States of this Union, and in neither of these are they put down only as the smallest and most insignificant sect.

For instance, in Maine, where are now rising 100 regularly organized Societies, we are told (after mentioning the Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Free-will Baptists, the Friends have 30 Societies; the Unitarians 12; the Episcopalian 4 ministers; the Roman Catholics 4 Churches; the New Jerusalem Church 3 Societies; and there are some Universalists." The reader would suppose from this, that the Universalists are the small *l*-out—hardly entitled to a notice—certainly not to the truth in their belief.—

We have to complain of like injustice in each of the other 7 States where it is confessed Universalists exist. The truth is, the Universalist Soc. is one of the very large in New England, and has a respectable standing in about every State in the Union. Such a manifest want of truth and fairness on the part of the American Almanack, must sink its reputation in the estimation of all candid men who purchase it for the sake of obtaining facts.

DR. COOPER.

Several of the orthodox papers with which we exchange are shouting Te Deum, because the Legislature of South Carolina have taken measures to remove Dr. Cooper from the Presidency of the College in that State, on account of the alleged infidelity of his sentiments. No charges are brought against his official conduct, nor have we seen it intimated that he has delivered Lectures to his Students in favor of infidelity or against any Christian opinions, or that he has attempted in any way to influence their religious sentiments. One of these papers now before us, speaking of the Trustees, says: "They know the wishes of the people, and it may be as well to regard that wish." Soho! then we presume that you will complain no more because the Legislature of Maine took measures to remove Dr. Allen from the Presidency of Bowdoin College; nor will you hereafter object if "the wishes of the people" prevail as to the officers of that Institution. We thank you much for this statement. What is since for the goose is also sauce for the gander.

MORE MURDERING.

The following extract of a letter from a lady in Boston to her sister in Waldoboro, dated Nov. 20, 1831, has been sent us with a request for its publication.—We comply with the request, with mingled sentiments of pleasure and of pain—of pleasure to gratify our friend, of pain to record such melancholy effects following the power of orthodoxy.

My Dear Sister;—It is long since I have written to you, and when writing last, how little I knew what would be the subject of my next. You doubtless have received before this, the mournful intelligence of the death of our beloved brother Wm. Wheeler Stimpson. This is a trial that has fallen heavily upon every member of our family. In this bereavement, we seem to be drawn all together as one, to lament the untimely dissolution of one

of its greatest ornaments. For myself I feel his loss like that of a child. My feelings are excited in many ways; not only grief for his death, but aggravation at the cause of it—and this is not a solitary instance of the havoc this religious pestilence is making in society. Wheeler was a being so pure and amiable in every respect that he was universally beloved by those who knew him. His illness was very distressing, being nearly all the time deranged. He had attended a few days Meeting in Randolph (the place where he was engaged to work for the winter, and where Orthodoxy runs high;) the result was an entire loss of reason. He had been in this situation for twelve days, when brother George and wife who were visiting their friends in that vicinity among the rest called on him, and found him below with the family but very weak and entirely without reason. He did not know his brother, and said very little to any one. They carried him home with them, to our father's house at South-Reading. He would not take nourishment, or medicine, except by force. In his rational moments he made very little complaint of pain; his distress was of mind. His fits of raving were so strange and violent, as to last 3 or 4 to hold him. Nature was soon exhausted; he grew weaker and on the 19th inst. died very calmly and quietly.—He was buried the 22d. There was a Prayer and Sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Everett of Charlestown. Our father is quite calm, much more so than I feared he would be.

[For the Christian Intelligencer.]

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

The dead! their tranquil rest our hearts may not deplore, For though the body turns to dust th' unfettered soul shall soar,

Above the darkness of the tomb, to be a welcome guest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

And thou hast left a scene of woe, where Time's dark tempest brings Disease, and pain, and fearful death, upon its sweeping wings,

And thou hast reached the blest abode at the Holy One's breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The reign of death with thee is past, and in a heavenly calm,

Where angels sing the thrilling song of Moses and the Laus,

Among the saints thy voice is heard in th' anthem of the blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

And lost in sight and sacred bliss is now the beaming fair,

That shed its pure and joyous light upon the vale of death,

And left thee safely to the Friend thou even lovedst best,

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Secure from Time's destructive touch, in that above on high,

The hand of Christ has wiped all tears from ev'ry weeping eye;

And joyfully thou leanest on the dear Redeemer's breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

A. C. T.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

[For the Christian Intelligencer.]

The Editor of the Mirror:

Mr. Editor.—It is possible, that to some of your readers, I may appear in the course of my preceding communications to have indulged a feeling of asperity toward the Editor of the Mirror. Of any such feeling, however, on my part, I am unconscious. The case was one that required plain language; and I did not, therefore, hesitate about employing it. It is next to an impossibility, that any catholic, and I may also add, any intelligent and honest man, can view the many misrepresentations of our religion which certain prints are almost continually circulating, without mingled sentiments of pity and indignation. We may be, it is to be presumed, justly indignant at violations of the laws of truth and justice, without harboring towards the authors of them a single unkind or unchristian feeling. It is possible to be angry, and, at the same time, to avoid the commission of sin.

Whether Mr. Cummings has, or has not, wilfully misrepresented the catholic religion, either by insinuations or direct charges, is a question which he has to settle with his conscience and with his God. For my own part, I am not only willing, but even desirous, to put the most charitable construction upon the course which he has pursued toward us. I will suppose that his errors have arisen from the want of correct information upon the subject of which he has treated—that he has been imposed upon by the misrepresentations of others; and sincerely hope that, upon becoming convinced of his mistake, he will not withhold that reparation which the laws of God require of those who either wilfully or inadvertently do an injury to others. What would Mr. Cummings expect, nay, what would he conceive he had a right to demand, from any person who had grossly misrepresented, either by a direct accusation, or by an insinuation, the creed which he is presumed professes to believe? Let us suppose that some writer should accuse him and his fellow Calvinists of adhering to doctrines, which, so far from maintaining, they unequivocally and openly denounce—let us suppose that they should be accused, for example, of paying divine honors to the Prince of Darkness—of maintaining that no true and real distinction exists, between vice and virtue—and that the laws of God command, rather than forbid, the commission of sin. What opinion would Mr. Cummings form of such a writer?

Would he not consider him as justly chargeable before God and man with the commission of enormous sins, and that without repentance and reparation to the injured parties neither forgiveness could be obtained by him here, or eternal happiness hereafter? Such, I presume, would be the judgment of Mr. C. in a case in which he as a party might be concerned. Yet gross as such calumnies would be, if Calvinists were made the subjects of them, they do not exceed the injustice which catholics have encountered, and are still obliged, sometimes, to encounter. We have been and are still sometimes accused of idolatry, because we invoke the saints and angels in heaven to pray for us—offering divine honor to pictures, images, reliques, &c. &c. It would be tedious, and disgusting task to enumerate the many falsehoods that have been uttered and published concerning the religion to which we adhere. But whatever impressions these outrages upon truth and justice may make upon the minds of protestants generally, nothing concerning the genuine tenets of the catholic religion. You will meet with numbers, whose acquaintance with other subjects is most extensive, but whose knowledge of catholicity is limited and circumscribed, and whose ideas of its principles are extremely erroneous and even ridiculous. Yet the "errors," "corruptions," &c. of "popery" are a common cry, an enemy of the catholic religion, two questions, which any catholic child could answer from a common catechism, to neither of which he was able to reply. If I said, you possess an acquaintance with our tenets, pray tell me, how many sacraments do they teach that Christ has established in his church? From whom do they teach that the Holy Spirit proceeds? From the Father or from the Son? To the first question almost any catholic child would have replied—*Scire.* To the second, from the Father and the Son.

There is another consideration to which I would ask permission to request the attention of Mr. Cummings and Calvinists generally. It is this. They are Protestants.

They profess to make the bible, as explained by their private judgments, their sole rule of faith and practice. They do not, it is to be presumed, lay claim to infallibility, either individually or as a *memoriam*.

Can they derive any greater certainty of the truth of these doctrines which they have embraced as the result of their inquiries, than any other class of protestants? Whether these results are right or whether those of others are wrong, is a matter of conjecture on their part, and on which they must remain in a state of uncertainty. Uncertain then, whether their own creed is true or false, admitting no living, infallible authority, by which the disputes that exist among Christians are to be decided, with what propriety can they accuse, for instance, the Arminian, the Universalist, the Unitarian, or the Catholic, of error? Does the confidence which we see generally evinced by Calvinists, (I allude to no one in particular) in the truth of their opinions, argue the possession of a much-neglected christian virtue—humility? These considerations, one would suppose, would tend to lower the tone of confidence which Calvinists generally assume. Other denominations lay claim to what is denominated *the right of plain judgment*, and is there not, I would ask any Calvinist, as great a probability, that the creed of an Arminian may be true as that his own is so? Both Calvinists and Arminians, it is granted, cannot be right, but what will a Calvinist say to an Arminian who should interrogate him in the manner: How can you accuse me of error, unless you are certain that your own opinions are true—unless you are certain that you understand the bible better than I do? Have not as great *and as good* men been found among Arminians as among Calvinists—men whose qualification were as competent to an investigation of the question what the scriptures really teach as any that can be found among the adherents to your opinions? Is not the probability as strong in their favor, as it is yours?

Again. If Mr. Editor, it were lawful to form a judgment of all by the conduct of a few, I should entertain a most unfavorable opinion of the whole Calvinistic *opposition*.

I will here state two cases in honor, honesty, and candor, in which a Calvinistic minister and editor was concerned, which have come under my observation.

A Calvinistic editor used in his columns some years since an anecdote, the object of which was, either to ridicule or to refute, or both, the catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. It was the old story of the "poisoned host" received from the old-fable of Andrew Doria's Conversion.

This anecdote was replied to by a catholic in a neighboring print. It was proved that the catholic doctrine had been most grossly misinterpreted by the fabricator of the story replied to, and that even if the story were true, it could have no bearing whatever upon the catholic doctrine when rightly explained and understood.

And did the reply, your readers, Mr. Editor, may inquire, come under the observation of the Calvinistic editor? If so, next to an impossibility that he should not have seen it. Had he magnanimity to do so, knowledge, it may be further asked, to have committed an error in judgment, in having the anecdote referred to a place in his columns? No, Mr. Editor, he never had. Was he more cautious for the future? As he more cautious for the future when rightly explained and understood. And did the reply, your readers, Mr. Editor, may inquire, come under the observation of the Calvinistic editor? If so, next to an impossibility that he should not have seen it. Had he magnanimity to do so, knowledge, it may be further asked, to have committed an error in judgment, in having the anecdote referred to a place in his columns? No, Mr. Editor, he never had. Was he more cautious for the future? As he more cautious for the future when rightly explained and understood. And did the reply, your readers, Mr. Editor, may inquire, come under the observation of the Calvinistic editor? If so, next to an impossibility that he should not have seen it. Had he magnanimity to do so, knowledge, it may be further asked, to have committed an error in judgment, in having the anecdote referred to a place in his columns? No, Mr. Editor, he never had. Was he more cautious for the future? As he more cautious for the future when rightly explained and understood. And did the reply, your readers, Mr. Editor, may inquire, come under the observation of the Calvinistic editor? If so, next to an impossibility that he should not have seen it. Had he magnanimity to do so, knowledge, it may be further asked, to have committed an error in judgment, in having the anecdote referred to a place in his columns? No, Mr. Editor, he never had. Was he more cautious for the future? As he more cautious for the future when rightly explained and understood. And did the reply, your readers, Mr. Editor, may inquire, come under the observation of the Calvinistic editor? If so, next to an impossibility that he should not have seen it. Had he magnanimity to do so, knowledge, it may be

peared in the latter paper respecting the case of the convict Weems, &c.

I would finally, inquire of Mr. Cummings, what punishment, on the supposition that the charges of corruption, &c. against the catholic religion are false, has in his opinion befallen the authors of them in the next world, unless the sins of which they were guilty, in advancing those charges, were repeated of in this? Both of us, undoubtedly, receive a certain passage of scripture in the same sense, in which it is declared that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." I quote from a translation which Mr. Cummings no doubt approves, and, benighted "papist" as I am, I have notwithstanding two bibles, (one a catholic, and the other a protestant translation) now before me—also a folio volume of Henry's "Exposition"—the latter of which received the approbation of no less a personage, than that profound theologian, His late Majesty George the Third, by law, the visible head of that august and venerable body—the Scotch Calvinistic Kirk.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, be pleased to accept my sincere thanks for the kindness and liberality that have been evinced by you in permitting my communications to occupy so large a portion of your columns for several successive weeks. I remain, Your obliged and obe's Serv't.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

*If catholics have the kernel, what have the Calvinists—the shell?

THE CHRONICLE.

"And catch the manners living as they rise."

GARDINER, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1831.

FIRE. Five buildings were destroyed by fire on Winthrop-street in Hallowell on Wednesday morning last. The principal buildings destroyed were the Chase Manufacturing and dwelling house of Mr. Drew, an unoccupied store and a barn belonging to Mr. Calvin Spaulding. Mr. Spaulding's house barely escaped destruction—as it was, we understand his loss was considerable. Mr. Drew's loss is supposed to exceed the insurance more than one thousand dollars.

FIRE. We learn from the Boston Galaxy, that the extensive book and printing establishment of Messrs. Marsh and Capen on Washington-street, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. The inside of the building was entirely consumed with its contents.—Messrs. Marsh and Capen are the enterprising publishers of the Universalist Expositor and Universalist Home book and many other valuable Universalist books.

CONGRESS.—Mr. Evans of Maine, has introduced the following resolve, which was adopted.

Resolved. That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to enquire into the expediency of making an appropriation for the purpose of removing obstructions to the navigation of Kineochee river, in the state of Maine, between Augusta and Waterville.

On motion of Mr. BATES, of Maine, it was resolved, That the committee on the Post Office and Post Roads be instructed to enquire into the expediency of establishing a mail route from Bangor, in the state of Maine, by the forks of Kennebec river, to Canada line.

Also, into the expediency of establishing a mail route from Athens, in the state of Maine, through Brighton and the plantations of Foss Town and Foss Town, to Monson, in the same State.

Messrs. Holmes and Sprague, our Senators in Congress, seem to be taking vigorous steps in relation to the North Eastern boundary.—Besides the motions for inquiry which have been submitted by them and adopted by the Senate, Mr. Holmes has introduced the following. When these Maps shall have been examined by the Senate, we think there will be but one opinion among them on the subject.

Mr. HOLMES submitted the following resolution:—

Resolved. That the Secretary be directed to cause to be made a map of the disputed north east boundary, shewing the territory in dispute, and exhibiting the marks and measurements natural and artificial, and to cause lithographic impressions thereof to be executed for the use of the Senate.

MR. ADAMS IN CONGRESS.—The novel spectacle of a ex President in Congress cannot fail to attract a good deal of attention. Perhaps no man in Congress will have more eyes turned upon him the present session than Mr. Adams. Every one feels anxious to see how he looks, and how he speaks, and how he bears himself, and whether the dignity and standing of the President is lost in the labors of the Representative. The letter writers already begin to show up pictures of him. A correspondent of the New York Gazette, under date of Washington, Dec. 3, gives the following.

It is often asked whether Mr. Adams will take an active and prominent part in the business of the House. Mr. Speaker Stephen has decided that question for him, by putting him at the head of the Committee on Manufactures—a station full of labor and responsibility. Independently of this duty, Mr. Adams appears disposed to participate in every question of interest which comes up for discussion. To day, he spoke extremely well on the subject of the claims on account of French stipulations prior to 1800. He is one of the best speakers in the House. He has taken his seat in the inner circle, on the left of the chair, next to Mr. Everett, and he wears the same old hat, with a band an inch and a quarter wide which he used to wear when he was Secretary of State; and now and then, is observed to minister to some unlucky member his old pump-handicape shake of the hand.

The National Debt.—When Washington came into office, the National Debt of the United States was \$75,170,000. It was increased during his administration to \$81,742,000, and augmented by the elder Adams to \$82,000,000. Mr. Jefferson increased it to \$80,353,000. During Mr. Madison's dynasty it was increased to \$123,000,000, and again reduced to \$115,800,000. Mr. Monroe came into office, and the debt was gradually reduced to \$83,788,000; his successor, Mr. Adams, left it at \$58,332,000. Under the present administration, it has been brought down to \$39,653,000. —Transcript.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE. A very extensive auction sale of cabinet furniture was advertised to place on Wednesday morning at No. 92 Broad street, N. York. The advertisement seems to have been the signal for calling together a great number of idle and ignorant journeymen cabinet makers, with the purpose of interrupting the proceedings by noise and uproar, if not by violent conduct. As soon as the auctioneer commenced selling, they began making a loud noise, completely drowning his voice, and interrupting the business. The ladies who were present soon became intimidated, and left the premises in trepidation. The auctioneer in vain addressed the mob; his expostulations but produced an increase of the clamor and confusion. Constables were sent for, and soon made their appearance; but not in sufficient numbers to overawe the rioters, some of whom, not content with interrupting the sale by noise, had provided themselves with sharp instruments, with which they employed them selves in defacing sundry costly articles of furniture, and in some instances cutting quite through the veneering. A reward of fifteen dollars was offered for the apprehension of any person engaged in committing these depredations; but without effect. The sale was obliged to be discontinued and the doors closed. The reason assigned by some who took part in this disgraceful breach of the public peace, is, we understand, that the furniture was manufactured out of the city, and that the sale of it would have a tendency to diminish the wages of city journeymen.

One standard is required throughout the whole circle of modern education. That standard is TRUTH. In every department of literature and science, this should be the unvarying test of all the volumes which are suffered to engage the attention of the Christian student. Truth in religion, truth in history, truth in biography, truth in science, should be constantly held forth as the only thing worth perusing, and the reading of fiction, for amusement's sake, should be utterly discouraged and forbidden, as unworthy the time and attention of a being, so short-lived, so ignorant so infirm, and so accountable as a man."

Fire and loss of Life. The Catskill Recorder, received yesterday, mentions that, on Sunday morning last, the dwelling house of the Hon. Perkins King, late member of Congress from that district, was destroyed by fire and the father and infant child of Mr. King, perished in the flames. The fire was discovered about six o'clock in the morning, and made such progress that all attempts to extinguish it were hopeless. Mr. King and his wife were first alarmed by the cries of the father, who slept in an upper room, and was nearly helpless from age and infirmities; finding the house in flames, they rushed upstairs to save him, leaving an infant child in the bed. This they were unable to accomplish, although they were both severely burned—Mrs. King dangerously. The infant was burned in the bed. The Rev. Mr. Wilson, who lodged there that night, only escaped by springing from the window. He, as well as the inmates of the house, was unable to save even his necessary wearing apparel.

Honesty Rewarded. A merchant in Kilby street lost a \$1000 bill, on his way towards Milk street yesterday morning. He soon ascertained his loss, and several persons commenced looking for it. An honest Irish lad, named William Sullivan, who was employed in getting in coal in Central street, who did not know of the loss, found the bill near the head of Central street, and told the person who had employed him of his prize. On the bill being restored to its owner, he presented the lad a \$5 bill, and a suit of clothes; and intends, it is said, to do him further kindness for his honesty.—Boston Patriot.

It appears from an article in the Rochester Daily Advertiser, that there were manufactured in that village, in the year ending on the 1st inst, 240,000 barrels of flour, and that during the same period the amount paid for wheat by the millers amounted to the immense sum of one million one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The Advertiser says that this wheat has principally been purchased in this State, but that a considerable portion has been consumed in the State of Ohio, which is becoming an important market for our wheat.

Resolved. That the Secretary be directed to cause to be made a map of the disputed north east boundary, shewing the territory in dispute, and exhibiting the marks and measurements natural and artificial, and to cause lithographic impressions thereof to be executed for the use of the Senate.

Important Discovery—as supposed. The Boston Politician says, "A Coal mine has recently been discovered in Braintree, as we are informed by a gentleman from that town, which promises an inexhaustible supply of coal, equal in quality to the Liverpool. Our informant states that the people of the parish, after learning by experiment the quality of the coal, made up by subscription the sum of \$800, and immediately set miners to work on the premises."

Coffee. All the Coffees grown in the West Indies have sprung from two plants taken thither by a French botanist from the botanical garden at Paris. On the voyage the supply of water became nearly exhausted; but so anxious was the Frenchman to preserve the plants, that he deprived himself of his allowance in order to water the Coffee Plants. Formerly Coffee could not be got at a great expense from Mexico in Arabia.

An old gentleman near Baltimore was lately threatened with death if he did not send \$200 in a letter to the Baltimore Post Office, directed B. L. A letter was sent, and the person who called for it arrested. He has hitherto stood high for integrity and good conduct, and said he had been requested by a stranger at a tavern to ask for such a letter; but the stranger could not be found, and the man is in prison.

Letters from London mention, that a dis-

order, there called Influenza, was very prevalent in that city about the first of October. From the accounts, it was very similar to the prevailing malady, with the same name, of which we on this side of the water have recently had such general experience.

THE TEA DUTY.—Letters from Washington by yesterday's mail, state that the committees of both Houses of Congress, to whom the petitions for an immediate reduction of the duty on Tea, were referred, will report against the expediency of any alteration in the present law. It is added that the Secretary of the Treasury agrees with the committees in this opinion.—N. Y. *Mer. Adv.*

The Coldest.—Yesterday morning [Friday Dec. 23] at 5 o'clock, the mercury was down to fifteen and a half degrees below zero in this town. At six o'clock it was ten below, at half past seven eleven, below. To-day [Saturday] the weather is comparatively moderate, with a steady fall of snow, which continued till nearly noon, and this afternoon we have a southerly wind accompanied by a powerful rain.—Portland Courier.

Unprecedented cold at Washington.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser writes from Washington, Dec. 17, that the mercury had ranged some degrees below zero for several days. He says the weather is more severe than was ever known before in the city.

Three men had been frozen to death in the district of Columbia within the three preceding days.

The Reading Journal says: "A Mr. Gerber, from Northumberland county, on a late visit to Philadelphia, returned to his borough by way of the Schuylkill and Canal, with skates, on the ice. He left the city after breakfast, and arrived at Reading in the evening of the same day, without loss or hindrance of tolls or gates."

Hydrophobia. A Mr. David Rock died last Sunday week in Bedford, Pa. of hydrophobia. Some eight or ten months ago he attempted to administer medicine to a sick heifer, which it afterwards appeared was mad. In the act of doing so, he wounded one of his fingers, and thereby is supposed to have caught the infection which resulted in his death.

Information has been received at the Department of State of the death of the celebrated traveller Count Charles Valua de Cozanno. He was surveying the interior of a Volcano, in the Island of Ambrym, one of the Moluccas, when a stone thrown from the crater, struck him with such force as to deprive him of life a few days after. The Count had spent 26 years in visiting various countries and several years since, made the tour of the United States and Mexico.

Old People.—There were found in the United States, during the last census, 2354 persons who were 100 years old and upwards.

Remarkable Coincidence.—The ships Ontario for London, Manchester for Liverpool, and De Rham for Havre, all sailed from New York on the same day (1st of Sept) for their respective ports of destination, and all arrived at New York on the same day, 15th Dec.

Prof. Nott's stoves for anthracite coal are much wanted in New York that a person 14th inst was told that he must wait a fortnight for one, as there were 150 orders unexecuted.

Michigan. A Devo't paper estimates the present population of Michigan, exclusive of the N. W. Territory, at 44,000.

We learn from the Hartford (Con.) Mirror, that on Monday evening, the 5th inst, in Sandfield, Mass. on the borders of Connecticut, a young man and his wife were burned to death in a cabinet maker's shop.

Paving Stones.—The City Council of New-Orleans have undertaken the paving of certain streets, which will require 5,175 tons of stones. They have already in the several depots 3,302 tons, and 1375 tons are still wanted, which must be supplied from the northern ports.

M. Chamberlain, the Fire King, is curing the tooth ake in New York, with what he calls "Taypays Elixir," said to be nearly the same as the French "Paragney Roux."

Such has been the severity of the frost, that the Delaware, at Trenton, is passed upon the ice with heavily loaded teams.

SPAIN.—Extract of a private letter from Madrid, dated on the 15th Nov.—

Negotiations on the affairs of Spain are kept up with great activity between the Cabinet of Madrid and those of the Tuilleries and St. James', for which purpose there is an Envoy from each of these two Courts in this capital. The following are the subjects of discussion:—1st. A general amnesty for the Spanish emigrants, which is to be guaranteed to them by France and England.—2d. An acknowledgment of our *ci-devant* American colonies.—3d. A change in our Institutions, &c. Should these propositions be accepted, the two above mentioned powers will engage to ensure the tranquillity of Spain, whatever may be the result of Don Pedro against Portugal. Ferdinand is not to be forced to make any specific changes in the present institutions, but he is to be allowed to act freely, as the wants and reasonable demands of the country may require."

THE YEAR.—Who can behold the rolling seasons pass,

The blooming Spring, that sows the infant seed; The veiling Summer, prodigal of fruits; The liberal Autumn, gathering in the grain;

And Winter making misery at his fire;

—Nor marvel at the beauty of the year!

In all the various changes of the year,

An image of our own we see,

First, the fresh Spring, the infancy of life,

Then the bright Summer of mature years,

The glorious Autumn of man's vigorous prime,

And the bleak Winter of his life?

When to his grave with faltering step he goes!

We see in all, the ev'ning of his man's life;

Who launcher'd the balanced planet in its sphere;

And I framed the shooting comet in the stars;

And I reared the azure arches of the sky;

And I set the silver moon to shine at night;

And from chaotic gloom produced the sun;

And gave it heat and light to bless mankind;

And made that teeming paradise the Earth,

A garden green, a wilderness of sweets,

And I filled its wells with water for man's thirst,

And its vast gardens with abun'ant food.

APPOINTMENTS.

Br. E. Wellington will preach in Belgrade next Sunday and in Fairfield, (Pisdon's Ferry) on the 21st Sunday in January.

Br. A. A. Folsom will preach in Wallers' on the 21st Sunday in January.

Br. N. C. Fletcher will preach in Wallers' on the 21st Sunday in January.

Letters from London mention, that a dis-

order, there called Influenza, was very prevalent in that city about the first of October.

From the accounts, it was very similar to the prevailing malady, with the same name, of which we on this side of the water have recently had such general experience.

MARRIED.

In Portland, by Rev. Dr. Nichols, Mr. Samuel R. Hudges, of Salem, Mass. to Miss Jane R. daughter of Capt. Edward Kellerman.

In Boston, by Rev. Mr. Bullock, Mr. James L. Frank, to Miss Eliza Emerson; Mr. Thomas Moulton to Miss Susan Tilden.

DIED.

In this town, on Saturday last, very suddenly, Miss Hadassah Larabee, aged 20 years, daughter of Mr. William Larabee, of Scarborough.

In Brunswick, widow Deborah Weston, aged 102.

In Augusta, on Sunday evening last, Mr. William H. Kimball, aged 26 years. For several years he had been employed as a writer in the Register of Deeds office, in this county, and in the Clerk's of the Court's office in Somers. He returned home last fall from Norridgewock ill of an inflammation in the throat; since which time he continued to fall till death relieved him from the infirmities of earth. He was a young man of good character and highly respected. For some years he had been a believer in the doctrine of Universal Salvation. This faith increased as he approached the shades of death. And it eminently sustained him throughout. His trust in the goodness of God through Jesus Christ was unwavering, and he entertained no doubt that he should finally join with the whole intelligent universe in praises to his God and Redeemer.

In Dresden, Dec. 20th, Miss Lucy H. Stilph, aged 22 years, of a pulmonary consumption. Indefinite paucity, upon the memory of departed friends, is often deceptive and frequently disgusting; but the subject of this notice forms a prominent exception.

Miss Stilph's circle of friends and acquaintances was not extensive, but respectable. Of course she was not much known out of the town, where she was born and brought up.

Blessed with a mind, unusually discriminating and brilliant, she had, though with limited means, acquired a respectable education. Her Bible taught her modesty and sobriety; still she was always cheerful and communicative. Her spotless purity; her ardent and zealous piety, were the delight of her friends. As for enemies, she had none. But her many virtues could not arrest the stroke of the tyrant, Death. Although the cold clod of the valley covers her mortal remains, still we have not the last doubt, she is now with her God, singing the praises of redeeming love. For about four months, she has been confined to her room, and out of it at that time, to her bed. And though she suffered, at times great bodily pain, she was never heard to murmur or complain. She saw her dissolution rapidly approaching, yet she was cheerful, resigned and happy.—Tacking of terror had no terrors for her.

Almost to the last moment of her earthly existence, she was sold without a Bible in her hand. She read and meditated upon God's law day and night. She was asked by a friend a few